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A POEM

On Her Sacred Majesty

Q. ANNE,

OCCASIONED BY

Her Majesty's Gracious Letter to Her Honourable Privy Council, and Her Act of Indemnity to all Her good Subjects of the Kingdom of *Scotland*.

EDINBURGH,
Printed in the Year, M. DCC. III.

POEM

On His Sacred Majesty

GEORGE

OCCASIONED BY

His Majesty's Gracious Letter to His
Honourable Parliament and His
Act of Indemnity in favour of His good
Subjects of the Kingdom of Scotland.

EDINBURGH:
Printed in the Year M.DCC.III.

A POEM on Her Sacred Majesty Queen ANNE, occasion'd by Her Majesty's Gracious Letter to Her Honourable Privy Council; And Her Act of Indemnity.

HAIL Sacred Princess! Hail *Great Britain's* Glory!
Hail Mirror of this Age, and future Story!
Hail Matchless Princess, for illustrious Birth!
Hail, thrice again more matchless for great Worth!
Suffer, Great Queen, a Muse proud to submit
Loyal Oblations at Your Royal Feet;
Amongst the Throng, permit an humble Swain
Thus to address from *Caledonia's* Plain.
Greatness is oftimes Good, looks ov'r a Crime;
Then pardon a rude Muse's Loyal Rhyme.
Now *Titan* doth advance in Warmth and Race;
So You, like him, advance in acts of Grace.
Your Love, like to his Light, can't be confin'd;
For as his Warmth and Light, are always kind,
And does preserve, revive, and give new Birth
To the hid Principles of Mother Earth,
Whereby, for use of Life, Things are brought forth.
So, from Your Throne, such Favours You dispence
Which bless Your Subjects with their Influence:
And shew You'll not be Queen of Halves and Parts,
But the unrival'd Mistress of our Hearts.

This Noble Effort of ſuch generous Love
Does Loyalty and equal Wonder move.
This mighty Grace, which from your Throne does flow
Makes us look up with dazel'd Eyes below.
For as of old when *Iſrael* went aſtray,
Forgot their God, and left the *good old way:*
And ſinfull they, lay under th' hard Commands
Of a more ſinfull peoples cruel hands;
But when Deliverance did come at laſt,
The News appear'd as Dreams, and long ſince paſt.
Or, as when *Jacob* heard his *Joſeph* liv'd,
Did nod his aged rev'rend Head, and griev'd;
He fainted: for the News ſurpriz'd like Thunder;
And then believ'd with Ecſtacy and Wonder.
Thus your late Acts of Grace us all amaz'd,
Fill'd us with Wonder, ſinking Spirits rais'd,
And your beſt Subjects in your antient Land
Admire and love you; are at your Command.
They loudly ſpeak your Goodneſs, and rejoice,
And praiſe you as 'twere with one Heart & Voice.
Me thinks all your good people do appear
With a ſweet Countenance, and lovely Air.
Your Bounty, like to powerful Charms, doth chaſe
Frowns and ill Nature from each Loyal Face.
The feather'd Hoſt, thus ſtraitned and confind
Through a cold Winter, froſty and unkind,
Half dead, revive, at the approach o' th' Spring,
And their Creator's Praiſes ſweetly ſing.
Freedom and Eaſe to grant, as dear as Light,
After ſo long, and ſuch a gloomy Night!
And ev'n to pardon the Delinquent too,
Is very great: No more can Mercy do.
Heav'n offers Mercy for *Repent* and *Mourn*:
So you do too, to ſuch as will return

Unto

Unto their Duty, which those that despise
I think they'r neither Good, nor Just, nor Wise.
And this your care, that we should love each other,
Proves you the tender-hearted Nursing Mother.
Speak out, my Muse, who will not now conclude,
Mercy's inherent to the Royal Blood.
Speak out, my Muse, for thou canst plainly tell
What is the loyal Party's Speech and Zeal.
Speak out, of those who dearly love the Queen,
Thou know'st them by their Accents, Looks and Mein.
Thou know'st the Language of the ag'd and young,
Of Sexes too: and of the weak and strong.
Thus then, the Pious, ag'd & wise do say,
[With Hands & Eyes lift up this Offring pay.]
O Sacred Branch of the *Old Family*,
Fill'd with your God-like Grandsirs Clemency!
Blest be the Time that ever You were born,
Thus to relieve th'afflicted and forlorn.
Oh! but your Goodness does augment our Fears,
Since few so good attain to many years.
May all the Powers above support your Crown!
Justice and Mercy still surround your Throne!
May Virtue all your Reign have due Reward!
Vice be discourag'd, and have no regard.
To th'Good, Just, Meek, Oppress'd, may you ne'er cease
T'extend your Scepter, and procure them Peace.
The Souldier, Loyal Youth, and Cavaleer,
Come next; and speak thus, when they first appear:
Of all Ranks in the Nation, The best sort,
[Whether of Country, City, Camp, or Court]
Are warm'd with Joy; except some errant Knaves,
Who to *Dick Cameron* and *Rome* are Slaves.
May Rebels, Rabbles, to your Scepter bow!
And all the lawless Rout submit to You!
Or farewell Monarchy and Justice too.

A factious Rabble does but make a Sport
At Crown and Scepter when the Sword's too short.
Your Sacred Grandsire knew the *Hydra* well,
Rarely describes their Looks and masked Zeal.
He pity'd, pardon'd, and gave all they sought,
Till to the Block His Royal Head was brought.
But may Your Sword be Terror, Blood and Flame
To all who slight Authority's Great Name.
The Grave Divine comes next, and bears a part
And speaks the serious Dictats of his Heart.
How vain are they who think this Throne to shake!
It is a Throne which Heaven will ne'er forsake.
Plots, Malice, Powers of Hell, and all shall fail
Against this Sacred Race for to prevail.
Ruine will fall on such as do combine
To ruin and destroy this antient Line
This antient, great, good, just and righteous Line
Achitophel may plot; *Sheba* may taunt;
Shimei may curse; and *Absalom* may rant;
Knaves may conspire; yea Knaves & Fools may m
All's vain: This Race is proof 'gainst human Shock.
It's like the Sun, though Clouds obscure its Light,
Yet, they dispell'd, he then does shine more bright.
May Heav'ns Your Sacred Person still secure
From wicked men, their Malice, & their Powr.
May we you, as the *Jews* did *Esther*, love;
And may you to us like *Deborah* prove.
The Poet now assumes his place agen,
But had I *Orpheus* Harp, or *Maro*'s Pen,
I would imploy my outmost Skill and Art
With rare Contrivance how to act my part,
I would contrive somewhat of lasting Wonder
Above faint Lights and artificial Thunder.
And could I write as none e'er wrote in Verse,
Then would I good Queen *Ann*'s great Praise rehearse;

I'd

I'd write what's truly Great, and something worth,
Queen *Anne's* great Name, Great Vertue, and Great Birth.
Or had I *Orpheus* Art and charming Lyre,
Then would I play as the Theme does require,
Till Trees and Beasts should dance, and all admire.
I'd Pillars, Statues, stately Arches raise,
To eternize Your Royal Name and Praise,
Medals I'd coyne, and Pyramids would rear,
I'd have each thing in mighty Pomp appear.
I'd march *Rome's* antient Splendor and its Glory,
And *Egypt's* too, to keep Life in your Story.
Or, were not I damn'd to a Poet's Curse,
(Which is to want Friends, Patrons and a Purse)
I'd search Books and old Records with delight,
And Wonders of Yours and of You would write.
I'd prove an Herauld, and would blaze and trace
Your numerous Grandsir's Deeds; their antient Race;
Their warlike Faits; their Courage and their Might,
Which they did show in many a bloody Fight.
Their Triumphs, Grandeur, Patience, Fortitude
With the whole chain of Vertues Great and Good,
Roll'd down to You from Royal, antient Blood,
All which in You conspicuously do shine,
Which proves Your Race is next to what's Divine.
So near to what's Divine, we You admire,
Were we to wish, we could no more desire.
Ungrateful we! Had You but liv'd of old,
A Monument in curious work, of Gold,
An Altar, Temple, or a Sacred Game,
Had been ordain'd to celebrate Your Fame.
Go on, Great Queen; in Royal Bounty move,
May You be Great in your good Peoples Love.
May all whom you employ deserve your Trust,
And be wise, faithful, moderate and just.

May

May You good Acts repeat as You do Days,
Crownd with Success, and ever-green Your Bays.
By You may some vast Project be brought forth
For *Britains* Good: of such Effects and Worth
So singularly Great, and truly Sage,
That You'l be praisd by each succeeding Age,
Which shall delight in high Strains to proclaim
You through the World, and eternize Your Name.
May all Your People Woman, Child and Man,
From *Beërsheba* even unto *Dan*,
Say, Happy we, by Wise, Great, Just Queen ANNE.

FINIS.